

Random Night Out

by SnarkyScribe

Category: Batman

Genre: Adventure, Crime

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-14 16:41:50

Updated: 2016-04-14 16:41:50

Packaged: 2016-04-27 18:07:52

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 462

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Just a short drabble about a random night in the life of one of Gotham's protectors.

Random Night Out

****The Return****

Under the unrefined Crescent moon, A car sped through the rain soaked streets of Gotham, fear written boldly on the faces of all its inhabitants. A dark figure chased them, using a rather more 'odd' medium to travel.

Via Rooftops.

As the vigilante leaped off another platform, he shot a grappling line hook off to the edge of the roof of an adjacent, taller building. He used the line to swing himself safely onto another building that was impossible to reach on his own. A sudden flash of lightning briefly illuminated the scene, shedding light on a distinct bright-red helmet.

As soon as The Red Hood's feet struck solid, he tucked his knees in and performed a tumble. Recovering immediately, he caught sight of the car changing its route.

Acting unhesitatingly, He ran off the roof, pushing off the edge at the last second with his feet to give himself enough momentum to perform a forward flip, changing his direction to match that of the car's.

Suddenly, gliders protruded from gauntlets he had on his forearms. He stretched them out in front of him and maneuvered his way past the dozens of buildings in the desolate city before finally laying his eyes on the automobile. Blue hues narrowed behind the helmet,

"Gotchaâ€| "

'Flying' right past his target, Jason deactivated his 'Gliders', produced another grappling gun, and fired off at another building. The hook gripped the lintel of a window, allowing Jason to safely descend to the streets.

Right in front of the car.

Jason landed right in the middle of the road, splashing up rain water that had amassed on the asphalt, and glared down the vehicle.

The Speeding vehicle.

Its headlights were on, causing Icy blue orbs to squint a bit behind the helmet. Jason couldn't make out the driver. One thing was for sure: whoever was behind the wheel didn't seem keen on stopping.

Calmly, The vigilante reached into his holsters, and pulled out his trusted Glocks. Aiming them with deadly precision at both the passenger and driver's seat, He squeezed the triggers.

Twin bullets burst out the barrel of the guns, tore rapidly through the air and crashed through the car's windscreen. The automobile was forced off the road, and sent crashing into the wall of a building.

Oceanic lenses studied the scene. The vehicle's passengers were most assuredly dead, and the money stolen wasn't going anywhere.

It could have been considered somewhat of a success. Wouldn't Daddy Bats be _so_ 'proud'.

Turning his back to the scene, Jason whipped out a dark cell phone, and hit a speed dial.

[Hello, This is Gotham City's Police Department's hot-line. What is the emergency?]

"Excuse me, Officer," Jason began, after a brief pause, "I'd like to report an Incident..."

End
file.